

New York Tribune.

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Russia and Germany on the Brink of War.

Germany's demand on Russia for an explanation within twenty-four hours of the objects of the present Russian mobilization is a confession that diplomacy has failed utterly to check, or even delay, a general European war.

If Germany and Russia could have come to an understanding about the limitation of Austro-Hungarian demands on Serbia a localization of hostilities would not have been very difficult. Had Austria-Hungary been willing to renounce in advance both territorial acquisitions and a money indemnity and to confine its efforts to securing from Serbia what it considered satisfactory international guarantees against Serbian participation in Pan-Serb agitations conducted on Austro-Hungarian soil, Russia would have stopped military preparations.

But Germany could not extract concessions of that sort from the government at Vienna, whose ruling motive is the lust of imperial expansion southward. To fight a war for a mere set of political guarantees against injurious alien agitation must have seemed to the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet a piece of impractical idealism. Vienna required at least an indemnity, which Serbia, having practically no financial resources, would have had to pay in territory. Against that fixed idea of penetrating by hook or crook further into the Balkans and toward Salonica representations that the peace of Europe would be shattered could not prevail.

The negotiations to restrain Austria-Hungary and to localize the conflict with Serbia having failed, Germany has been drawn irresistibly along with her pugnacious ally. The Russian mobilization threatens Austria-Hungary. It also threatens Germany, the creator and ruling partner in the Triple Alliance. If Russia is going to befriend Serbia and attack Austria-Hungary it must fight Germany as well. The Kaiser is justified, therefore, in asking for a prompt explanation of Russia's intentions. If these are bellicose, it is to Germany's advantage to force an immediate declaration of war.

Between equals a note couched in the terms employed by the Berlin Foreign Office is seldom answered except in a manner putting a continuance of peace out of the question. The violent declines in the stock market yesterday were a natural response to Germany's assumption of the initiative. The market merely reflected the universal conviction that the hour of reasoning in Europe has passed and that the hour for the more primitive argument of brute force has come.

Dynasties used to afflict Europe with warring wars. Now dynasties are negligible as wreckers of peace and retarders of civilized progress. But antagonisms of race, language and political ambition are still capable of unbalancing nations and setting them at one another's throats. Ben Franklin's maxim, "There never was a good war or a bad peace," is subject now and then to an exception. There may be wars with some civilizing issue underlying them. But the war into which Europe seems about to plunge is not one of these. In its inception and ignoble motives it will rank among the most wanton and discreditable that the world has ever suffered from.

The Administration Hoodoo.

Texas is not the only state in which the hearts of Democrats are growing cold toward the Wilson administration. Postmaster General Burleson couldn't hold the Texans in line, even though he got President Wilson and Secretary Bryan to add him in writing letters endorsing Thomas H. Ball, the administration candidate for the nomination for Governor.

Mr. Bryan was scattering his ammunition when he electioneered in Texas. He should have kept all his powder dry for use in Nebraska, where it was greatly desired to deliver a rebuke to Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock. Mr. Hitchcock has used his own judgment pretty freely in supporting or not supporting administration legislation, and he had the temerity to oppose the confirmation as a member of the Federal Reserve Board of Mr. Thomas D. Jones, Mr. Wilson's close personal friend and one of the most liberal contributors to Wilson campaign funds. It would have been a solace to the President if he could have pointed to some action by this year's Democratic convention in Nebraska as sustaining his contention that Mr. Hitchcock is much too insistent in his tendencies to be recognized as a faithful Democrat.

Mr. Bryan is at sword's point with the Senator and has used both federal patronage and the columns of "The Commoner" to undermine him. But the delegates to the Democratic State Convention gave Mr. Hitchcock a vote of confidence, despite Mr. Bryan's efforts.

In Missouri the situation is much the same. Senator Reed joined Mr. Hitchcock in fighting the Jones nomination. Missouri has a Cabinet officer, too—Mr. Houston. But he has been powerless to

hold Missouri Democrats in line behind the administration. Even "Gum Shoe Bill" Stone, the right hand man in the Senate of Secretary Bryan, was compelled to send word to the White House that if he voted to confirm the Jones nomination he would have no chance of renomination and reelection.

Political straw is all blowing one way. If a politician wants to lose a fight all he has to do is to get a sheaf of commendatory letters from Mr. Wilson and the members of the Cabinet.

G. Moore as Don Giovanni.

"We do not know the motive that prompted Bettina to go to Goethe," says Mr. Moore. And, "the nearest thing in literature to my own case is to be found in 'The Confessions.'" Also, "all my other love affairs were commonplace compared to this one, a literary love par excellence, to which the loves of Musset and George Sand were shallow and without perspective."

Are we curious to learn after all this why the lady from Austin, Tex., came to Mr. George Moore, in Dublin, Ireland? Not a bit of it. But Mr. Moore insists on telling us why, none the less, in "The English Review." It is of the early eighteen-eighties, notwithstanding its modern twist; it antedates the defunct "Yellow Book"; it is as tasty as Théophile Gautier.

Mr. Moore is a great artist, but we have grown old so tired of his "fanfaronade des bonnes fortunes" which he may or may not have had. We are quite willing to admit that he is the successor of Don Giovanni, if he will only stop talking about it. He is now close on sixty. If he is not careful he will degenerate into that most terrible of all club bores, the rheumy old buck who boasts of his career as a ladykiller.

The Men Who Made the Canal Possible

The bill introduced in the House of Representatives to reward the men who built the Panama Canal is a simple act of justice. The thanks of Congress are extended to each of the surviving engineer members of the construction commission. Colonel Goethals and Colonel Gorgas are to be made major generals, and advancement in grade upon retirement is proposed for Colonel Hodges and Lieutenant Colonel Silbert, of the army, and Commander Rousseau, of the navy.

For the devoted Gaillard, who sacrificed his life to the great task at Culebra, only the remembrance of a grateful nation can be offered. Probably the suggested change in the name of Culebra Cut to Gaillard Cut is the best form of public monument which can be devised in his case, and if Congressional action to this end is necessary it should be taken now.

Representative Adamson voices the sentiments of the entire nation in urging these rewards for great work nobly performed.

Nothing to Fear but the Worst.

The band of earnest Tammany and near-Tammany Congressmen which went to the White House to get a "showdown" from President Wilson dwindled off to thirteen—a discouraging number. There were twenty on the original muster roll of statesmen with a grievance. Two of them foresightedly went to Europe. Two more developed a lack of interest in the pilgrimage to the White House and pointedly said so. Another ducked by making a hurried trip to this city. Finally two started with the column from the Capitol but "lost their way."

It is unfortunate for the veracity and picturesque quality of history that no record was taken of the "heart-to-heart" interview in the Executive offices. Secretary Tumulty announced after the retreat had been sounded that there were no casualties and that "the conference was characterized by a spirit of cordiality on both sides."

According to the rather hazy accounts of what happened, given by the Fitzgerald "Show Us" contingent, the President said that he would put no obstacles in the way of their obtaining renominations. Inasmuch as they know that Murphy is the sole dispenser of Tammany nominations hereabouts and that if they have his support they need not worry, the President's generous declaration of non-interest could hardly have filled them with exuberant content. He forgot to say anything at all about what lay nearest their hearts, since all accounts agree that the great problem of how to look happy even on an empty stomach was never even approached. According to the Tumulty version of the conference, Mr. Wilson told the Murphy "rubber stamps" that they had nothing to fear from him. But the dense silence he maintained on the commissariat question must have convinced them that they have nothing to fear but the worst.

Getting Out of Europe.

The difficulty our compatriots abroad are having in getting transportation out of the zone of the tremendous conflict threatening Europe helps to emphasize the dislocation of the machinery of civilization which such a struggle entails. Just now only the railroads are affected in the general mobilization scramble. How soon the transatlantic steamship lines will be called upon to cancel their sailings in order to transport troops depends upon how rapidly the war spreads from nation to nation.

Sooner or later, however, if all of Europe is involved, American tourists will find themselves in serious danger of being stranded on the other side; all those, that is, who have been unable to get bookings on steamships leaving before the calls for transports are made. And there will be plenty of these unhappy tourists.

In the year ended June 30, 1913, according to the report of the Commissioner General of Immigration, 348,000 American citizens departed from the United States by steamship, all but a small fraction for Europe. By the end of July the number of Americans in Europe reaches its maximum, so that it may reasonably be estimated there are considerably over 100,000 of them there now. If in the course of the next month Great Britain should succeed in blockading the big German ports and at the same time should be busily engaged in shipping her own troops to the aid of France, by the elimination of all the German steamships and most of her own from transatlantic service she would be postponing indefinitely the departure for home of more than half these Americans. It is probable that the Italian lines would find their boats commandeered or blockaded also, leaving only a few of the smaller and weaker lines from neutral states to handle the vast westward flow of transatlantic passenger traffic setting in usually toward the latter part of August.

Here is another good American reason for the hope that the Czar and the Kaiser will come to terms.

The Conning Tower

JEALOUSY.

To use green ink I vowed the hour
I crossed the threshold of the Tower
And saw the boss's pen, held high,
Exude its emerald supply
To make men laugh and cowards cower.

And, boss, believe me, I'm some power!
I'll write as well as you do now, or
Get you to teach me by and by
To use green ink.

Though they who read this modest flower
Of verse may see it garbed in sour
Unfeeling black, the printer's dye,
Yet you will know and so shall I
You're not the only lit'ry power
To use green ink.

A. R. F.

Men are so obvious. If we were a young woman, we should consider it an earnest of undying affection to have a young man even ride in the subway with us. Yet the girls seem to insist on the public embrace, as utter proof.

Monday, as you may not remember, All-Contribs' Week begins. We shall not preface each contribution with an editorial note to the effect that the following is the most comely piece ever written; we prefer that other editors use that method. You may take the stuff or leave it. We, as a m. of f., did both.

To contribs: We shall not be so far from the maddening office, however, that mail addressed as usual will fail of attaining its goal, be it the col. or the Zn.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPPYS.

July 28—All the talk of war in Europe, and of how it may come, and soon, which God forbid! To the office and at my work all day, and in the evening with G. Rice to a public and I had a beaker of ale, and he some griddle sardines, a sad bit of provender for a fine big man like him.

29—At verse-writing till 3 in the afternoon, and then with J. Steinhilber to the court, where he beat me and could do so, merrily, at will. Yet I vow I shall beat him or ever the year is done. Then he and I did play Paul Mead and H. Cleaver and they beat us, but through no fault of mine. To Mrs. Stout's for dinner, a good one, and thence hastily to the office which I got to late, so that the printing-men feared I had come to me. All evening there, and home and to-bed.

30—Up, and had B. Pemberton to pack my portmanteau, which I am maladroited at and which he doth as well as ever my wife did, which is no light praise. To my office, and thence to see Mistress Alice, who hath come home for a day, and I very glad of seeing her. With G. Parsons to dinner and thence to the office, where till late at my stint, and thence to the steam-train for St. Botolph's Towne.

The Compleat Slinger.

[From The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Feb. 4, 1666.]
" . . . he made a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost. . . ."

For the Contribs' Parade W. W. E. suggests a section of the Mrs. Harris Marching Club, carrying lithographs of the Modest and Satisfied Contrib. Also a detail of copy boys, carrying pails of ice-water, hand towels and box-scores.

Our Own Travelogues.

Amsterdam: A city in Holland, and the place I am in at this writing. Otherwise undistinguished; seems to have been built half on the water and half on the spur of the moment. I can't decide which half I like better.

G. S. K.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT describes his journey through the Highland Wilderness of Western Brazil in the August SCRIBNER FICTION NUMBER."—Magazine advertisement.

A. Henry Savage Landon please write.

Ode to New Britain's City Commissions.

[P. J. Egan in the New Britain (Conn.) Record.]
The Scales of Weights and Measures will make the peddlers and storekeepers fill the measures up, give honest weight. He is backed up by the laws of the state.

The Inspector of Food and Milk that's real, leaving fruit, or "Bob Veal"—is on to his job, as many have found. They never can tell when he'll call around.

The School Board has a great responsibility. And must be endowed with ability. To keep in the race of modern education. They must be men of reputation.

The Cemetery Committee is last on my list. And my obituary on them would never be missed. If I left them alone along with the dead. These lines, of course, would never be read.

[THE END (APPLAUSE).]

Our athletic young man tells us that the troops have mobilized.

DULCYN IN URBE.

Dulcinea and I went to a picture exhibit this afternoon. As we walked up the Avenue Dulcinea exclaimed: "What a wonderful city New York is! I think I'd rather be poor in New York than any other city in the United States. You get so much for nothing here. Free lectures, art exhibitions, music; and just to walk on the Avenue is as good as going to the theatre. And the shop windows are so fascinating. Of course, I think New York is a heartless city; it hasn't any use for the unsuccessful ones; and it isn't a city of homes. Brooklyn is a much more homelike city I think."

When we reached the gallery she said, "I like pictures that tell a story. I hate landscapes unless there is life in them—if only one person. And I adore pictures with cows and sheep. They are awfully stupid animals, but so restful in a picture. I'd hate to live with most pictures, though."

When we left the gallery it was raining. "My, where does all the rain come from?" Dulcinea exclaimed. "If I'd brought my umbrella and hadn't had my shoes shined it wouldn't have rained. But I might have known it wouldn't have the windows washed this morning. I'm glad I have on my old clothes. I hate to get caught in the rain in a new dress or hat. They never seem new any more. Let's take a poor man's taxi. My, isn't it always the way? If this was a pleasant day, there wouldn't be an empty seat on top of the bus. Don't you adore the buses? They make me think of London."

DAISY THOMPSON.

Quiet, please, Austria.

So, Bosnia!

F. P. A.

THE CONTRACT MAKER.



Who next?

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

THE TRIBUNE CONGRATULATED

Proves Independence in Coming Out for Hinman, He Says.

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: Hats off to The New York Tribune, the only courageous and independent Republican newspaper, for its support of Harvey D. Hinman for the governorship.

The Tribune is working for the people's cause, namely, "Honest Government" and for so doing it deserves the approval of all right minded citizens. The Tribune is plain and outspoken; it says: "This is an anti-Barnes newspaper" and, unlike the so-called anti-Barnes papers, it proves it by supporting Mr. Hinman.

Do not let the politicians who are in politics for business mislead you with false issues, such as "Shall Mr. Roosevelt decide who shall be the candidate of the Republican party, or shall the endorsed Republican voters decide?" The real issue is, "Shall Mr. Barnes rule the party and lead it to disaster just as he did in 1912, or shall all independent citizens get together and lead the party to victory?" New York State needs an able and fearless executive, and Mr. Hinman possesses all necessary qualifications.

The Tribune should urge the enrolled Republican voters to vote in the primaries in large numbers, so as to overrule the machine, as the people are now fully aware of the methods employed by a political machine when its existence is threatened.

S. S.
New York, July 29, 1914.

AN AUSTRIAN PROTEST

American Sympathy for Serbia Unjust and Based on Ignorance.

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: It is with the greatest surprise that we notice the unfriendly sentiment toward Austria and Germany in the English language, the more so because most of the articles written are proving an absolute ignorance of the real condition in the countries in question. Hundreds of thousands of American citizens born in Austria and Germany are readers of your papers, and are supporting the same, and surely deserve that you should at least employ them as your staff who understand what they are writing about, and by all means write the truth and nothing but the truth.

In nearly all the articles giving account of the present occurrences sympathy is plainly shown the Serbian people.

Your papers are poisoning public opinion and public sentiment against Austria and Germany. They are all inclined to shift the tremendous responsibility of this dreaded war to the Emperor of Germany, and every influence seems to be brought about in order to influence the German Emperor to make his ally accept Russian and so humiliate himself. Why don't you more logically lay the responsibility where it belongs, on Russia and its Emperor?

Austria is at war with Serbia, and permit further Pan-Slavic agitation toward undermining the existence of that country. It is Russia and its Emperor who intend to help the Serbian nation, the brutal Serbian nation, which murdered their own King and Queen and directly caused the murder of Austria's archduke and his wife. Would it not be more justifiable, more logical and more in the interest of humanity if your papers would lay responsibility where it actually belongs and thereby use their influence

to the utmost against this much dreaded and most horrible of wars? Public opinion is an important factor in all nations. You have the power to form the same; it is your duty to mould it unbiased in the right direction. And we, as your co-citizens, as your readers and as your friends, we ask of you and demand of you not sympathy but justice! HENRY ABELLES.
For the Singing Society of the Austrians.
New York, July 29, 1914.

WON'T ACCEPT T. R.'S CHOICE

Civil War Veteran Afraid He'll Have to Vote for Democrat.

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: The writer is an oldtime Republican. My first vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln, and I have voted a straight Republican ticket every year since, with one exception. That exception was the year that I foolishly voted for Horace Greeley as against my old commander, General Grant, but I am now considerably disturbed lest I may have to cast my first Democratic vote this fall. So far there is not a Republican in sight, with the possible exception of Hedges, that I can conscientiously support.

I surely cannot vote for any candidate brought out by a man that proved himself a traitor to my party, and I regard the effort of that man to get back into the leadership of my party as the height of impudence. Besides, he is as much a boss and quite as offensive in his methods as Barnes or Murphy. The latter at least have the merit of loyalty, and neither can be accused of having turned traitor when he found he could not win a regular nomination.

It is a downright shame that there is no Republican in sight with force and brains enough to sit down hard on his offensive meddling. Vigorously opposed by the right sort of a Republican he would soon be on a dead run, and we could afford to be beaten in a straight stand-up fight, but we cannot afford to win with Theodore Roosevelt at the helm of our party.

A. S. WARE.
New York, July 29, 1914.

WANTS THE COLONEL PRAISED

Due Him, It Is Considered, for Bringing Hinman Out.

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: The Tribune has been coming to our home for the last twenty years, and while I have been entirely out of sympathy with your political views for the last two years, nevertheless the paper, aside from this one feature, is splendid.

I have tried hard lately to follow your reasoning in regard to the Progressive party and Colonel Roosevelt. At times you have appeared nearly human in referring to the Colonel. Your editorial of the 27th in coming out squarely for Hinman is splendid, but few could you not have said just a few words of just praise to the Colonel for having more than any one else to bring this about? You ignore the fact entirely. How about this?

R. A. DEWAR.
Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1914.

Hinman's Republicanism.

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: What kind of a Republican is he, who before entering the Republican primaries for Governor, will make a deal or an arrangement—whatever it may be called—with the boss of an opposition party? F. M. DOUBLETT.
Far Rockaway, July 28, 1914.

"An Austrian Army, Awfully Arrayed."

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: Perhaps one of your readers can tell me where I may find that wondering specimen of alliteration, beginning: "An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade."

As well as I remember it goes on through the alphabet, not even omitting X. CLARA MARSHALL.
New York, July 30, 1914.

INDORSING HINMAN

Candidacy Appeals to Republicans and Progressives Alike.

"The Ontario County Times," as its readers know, has favored the candidacy of ex-Senator Hinman, on the ground that, while a straight party man, he was known to be independent of factional control and a fearless champion of honest government, and that through his long and honorable service in the Legislature he had acquired an experience and knowledge that particularly qualified him for the Executive office. It has felt that his championship of the reform policies urged by Governor Hughes, for whom he cannot be questioned. In saying this we mean no reflection upon the other excellent candidates for the nomination. Both Mr. Hedges and Mr. Whitman are men of ability, whose achievements entitle them to public consideration and whose services for the state and the party deserve recognition, but at this juncture we believe the nomination of Mr. Hinman would more certainly unite Republican and independent voters against Tammany rule and assure to the state a return to honest and efficient government.—Ontario County Times (Canandaigua).

Silas F. Potter, chairman of the Progressive committee for Oneida County, comes out explicitly and emphatically in favor of the nomination and election of Hon. Harvey D. Hinman, of Binghamton, who is a candidate in the Republican primaries for the nomination for Governor and who, as well, we think, for the Progressive primaries for the same office. That Mr. Potter is and always has been a steadfast, earnest and conscientious Progressive is thoroughly understood and appreciated.

The proposition to support the candidacy of Mr. Hinman, an outright and lifelong Republican, is because his record and his character are such that his success means the destruction of a system which is an obnoxious as it is indefensible. The accomplishment of such a result as would attend his election as Governor is infinitely more important than maintaining mere party regularity. Utica Press.

Mr. Hinman would have disappointed Republicans who have honored him in the past if he had neglected to make it plain in his statement of Monday that he has not left the party. "I have always been and am," he said, "a regular Republican. I am a firm believer in the principles of the party as they have been expounded and exemplified by the true leaders of the leaders."

He makes the point even clearer when he says: "I believe in political parties and in party organization, but I believe that party organization should be an instrument of the party for the working out of party principles and party policies, and that the organization should never become the personal asset of any one man."—Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.